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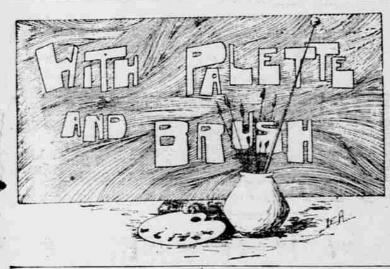
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The Julius Lansburgh Furniture and Carpet Co.

NEW YORK AVE., Bet. 13th and 14th Sts.



1, under the direction of Prof. and Mrs.

Among our well known local illustrators

who have been very busy this summer, is Mr. Harry Bonnell Bradford, who has an

interesting and well-stocked den at No.

student and a hard worker, and thoroughly

earn the progress he is making. Lately he

has turned his attention to comic illus-

tration, with marked success, having had

number of his drawings accepted by

several New York publications, and has

of the Century.

cen highly complimented by the art editor

Mr. J. L. Ridgway and Mr. H. Hobart

Nichols have just finished a series of illustrations for a work soon to be pub-

lished by the Geological Survey in the Monograph. Mr. Ridgway has done some

of the most wonderful fossil work in

olor, representing the different geological

formations and strata, as they appear in a

olished surface, and with such accuracy

of detail that one thinks he is actually

ooking at the specimens rather than th

A number of very fine pen and ink sketches of fossis and shells are also the

work of Mr. Ridgway. Mr. Nichols furnishes the landscapes for

this publication, which offers a large

field for the artist's brush. All who are familiar with his success in this line, will

recall with pleasure his exhibition of land

Miss Katherine Chipman, the olever

water-color artist, is spending the summer

Miss Sara Bradley, who is making s

return before the first of November.

sketcues in Malne this summer, will not

DANGER IN THE USE OF SLANG.

Experience in Brooklyn Shows Peril in

A new illustration of the dangerous confusion that often is created by the

prevalence of slang is furnished, says the

rooklyn Times, by the following inci-

A professional rat-catcher went to

fastionable club on Tuesday evening and

at midnight he had begged fifty rats. With the fifty living rats to a beg-for this

professional scorns to kill any rate on the

started home. Then appeared an un-

"None of your business," answered the

"So that's your swag," said the police

an, sarcastically tapping the bag with

What have you in the bag, then' Here we come to the first crisis of the story, for the reply was "Rata." The

policeman then punched the professional for what he, perhaps reasonably, regarded as his impertinence. Moreover, he grabbed

the bag and thrust in his inquiring offi-cial hand. Here comes the second crisis

of the story, for at least seven rats grabbed that hand. The policeman yelled and

shook off the rats, and the other forty-three

leaping from the bag the street was soon full of rats. The poor policeman, with rats

to the right of him and rats to the left of

This is not the first time that slang has ndirectly created confusion in the world.

The rat-catcher had po-suspicion that the

amiss. There is the trouble. The slang

unwittingly. May the present picturesque

and belifud him, fled into the night.

"Where are you going?"

the Word "Rats."

scapes at the Cosmos Club last spring.

numbering about 200 students.

One by one our artists are shouldering their stools and casels and returning to the city, after spending the summer in Nature's studio, where they were furnished ample material for the winter's work.

What a delightful holiday they have had, ronming through the woods and mountains, and alone the streams, catching a bit of sunlight here, a shadow there-perhaps the pretty face of a summer girl, and a little romance, framing it forever in their memory, all that the purchaser of the canvas never suspect. Some of them will rehaze and the beautiful autumn tints of October. Those who have come in to finish some of the summer work or execute nev orders, may go out again, for it is bard to tear one's self away, if he be a true artist. However, art is not all made up of beautiful dreams and summer romances and

It means hard work and long study and disheartening criticisms, with a little praise now and then that makes the brush go more happily.

So our artists will now-settle down to work for the winter, and before another season rolls around lovers of beautiful creations of the brush and palette may expect to see a marked progress in the field of art, of which America's Capital may well be proud.

Inasmuch as the development of art in Washington depends upon a closer relationship between the artist and purchaser, uid seem that the duty of bringing about that end devolves largely upon the former. If the artist wishes to succeed he must keep himself in the public eye, as it were. The purchaser will not burt the artist, the artist must hurt the purchas

He most have a sulfable hall for the exhibition of his work, which the public can visit conveniently and compare and criticise the character and merits of the pic tures offered for sale.

The only opportunity the Washington artist has at present of coming in touch with the customer is through the annual Cosmos Club exhibitions in the spring, which the members of that club so kindly open to the society of Washington artists and their friends. Through these exhibi-tions, which last only a few days, a few, sales are made, and then the artist must return to the background for another year.

No city in America has a greater number ton, and if we had an established gallery or picture market which would attract them there would, no doubt, be many more sales made than at present, and the pur chasers would carry our artists' fame

No hall in the city suggests itself as suitable for this purpose, except the soon to-be vacated Corcoran Art Gallery. Owing to gallery may not be ready for occupancy for another year, but this suggestion, however, may furnish food for thought that may be productive of substantial re-

The removal of the Corcoran collection to the new building at New York avenue and Seventeenth street leaves a most excellent studio and exhibition building which the Society of Washington Artists should consider as a rare opportunity for them, and not allow this historic old place to be permented by other than an artistic

The sommer class at the Art League Is doing some good work under the direction of Miss Le Duc, and is open to visitors from 9:30 a. m. to 12:30. The regular class

The Corcoran School of Art which has been-closed all summer, will open October Girls Afloat On Raging Canal

A THREE WEEKS' TOUR.

CLUMSINESS AND COMFORT ON

Sailing, Fishing, Camping Out and All Sorts of Innocent Fun of a Merry Group.

There are more ways of finding amuse nent in September than by camping out. That is the promising assurance of a roung woman and her brother, who have nat come back from entertaining themselves and a party of friends on a canal boat. The first precaution is to seclect a congenial party of picked masculine and feminine friends, not exceeding six in number, and engage them against the stumes as are suitable for Adirondacks or North Woods camping, along with bicycle suits, guns, and fishing tackle, is the equipment necessary.

The brother and sister who had selected and instructed their future guests, went next to one of the yards, near New York city, where staunch, capacious boats, for use on the Erie and Delaware and Hudson canals are built. They bargained for the use of one of the newest and largest

rately decorated with bunting and flowers, lanterns hung and the host and hostess, with their guests, for the benefit of a goodly contingent of young people from a near-by farmhouse, danced the fashionable society steps to the wailing of a guitar and violin. The next night the entire canal violin. The next night the entire canal boat's company adjourned to a farmhouse and had a joily supper of lemonade, pies, coid chicken and apple sauce, washed down with cider, after footing it in the old-fashioned quadrille and Lady Washington's reel. Almost tearful were the regrets expressed when the delightful vacation was over, and the browned, well-catertained vacation was overed as the same of the same young people exchanged the exceeding comfort of their bicycle suits for conventions clothing, and the lazy, wholesome, varied existence of the canal boat life for the restraint and monotony of their city homes To the hosts fell the log book full of pho tographs of the lovely country they had passed through, of their guests, the friends they had made along the way and of the boat itself. On their return the boat was dismantied, but all the lumber used in build ing the kitchen and house, along with the fittings and furnishings, were stored against resurrection next year. Then another boat will be undoubtedly hired, another canal explored, and there will be no difficulty in collecting a party of guests, for the cana-boat enterprise promises to become the feat ure of autumn hospitality, and one hears already of clubs on foot for hiring, fitting and floating them among people ambitious to experience a new and profitable form of

PHILOSOPHY FOR SMOKERS.

A Man Known by His Cigars and the Way He Smokes Them.

As a test of character tobacco is useful. A man may be known by the cigars he keeps, as well as by the way he smokes them, says



crafts for the space of three weeks, and, at the building yards, labored to convert their rented vessel into accommodations

for passengers instead of freight.

Their more serious effort and bulk of pocket money was spent in fitting the central hall as saile a manger, and drawing oom in one. The divan seats they uphol stered in green denim, a large green and white jute square was spread on the floor, dotted green and white scrim curtains hung at the windows, one of the cupboards filled with the cheapest blue and white hina, the other stocked to bursting with

STOCK AND SERVANTS.

Like Noah, they had chosen two of every kind of fruits, jellies, confections, meats and cheeses, along with soap, matches, candles and such like which they had laid in a full supply, and lastly engaged two capade, good-natured women to sign articles for service as cook and housemaid on a voyage of twenty-one days up the Delaware and Hudson canal.

All luggage had been unpacked into lockers and bugs laid away in the store room below decks, while six safety bicycles, of both sexes, lying in their trunks on the afterdeck, were mute witnesses to he assertion of the bost that a god deal of muscular sport would make up the programe of every day.

Now what these bealthy young people did during the three weeks they were on their inland voyage is variously de

overalls of kitchen towels, painting the house ouside, and decorating every one his or her bedroom after individual and peculiar taste.

or less distance along the pincid canal waters, amid charming scenery, ripening under an autumn sun, but directly unani mous desire prevailed the boat was tied up, wheels, cameras, etc., produced and expeditions organized. If there was no roads were bad or the sunlight unprom-

the Baltimore Sun. No man of refine taste will smoke a bad cigar. The philosophic smoker takes his comfort in a lels urely way amid proper surroundings and is able to shut himself out from the world and all its petty appoyances as he follow

The man who allows his eight to go out a great many times, and relights it insucce spasms of fidgetiness may be usually set down as an incoherent character, quite prone to get off his trolley, no to speak, and cer-tainly lacking in tenacity of purpose. The man who fumbles his cigar a good deat and manages to get the wrapper unravoled and the fire all on one side may be dismissed as a nervous person with a proclivity for un-comfortableness. Men who chew their cigars, leaving their teeth prints on them, and do this for a long time before lighting them, are quite likely to be stern, determined men, full of grit and resolution. Gen. Grant used to handle a cigar in that way and Bismarck is said to do likewise.

soul the cigar is quite trustworthy. The generous man, if he smokes at all, is sure to indulge himself and his friends when they call on him with a good cigar. The man who, with a bundant means to smoke the best, deliberately buys the worst cigars and pretends to enjoy them, is capable of almost any conceivable meanness. Per contra, the man who can find solace and refreshment from a cigar of good quality or a pipe filled with choice tobacco and who is always ready to open his heart wide and let his tongue wag the most merrily when he takes his friend into the hospitalities of a mutual smoke talk is pretty one whose instincts and in are in the main honest, genial and right.

PHYSICIANS WHO GET FEES.

Exhorbitant Charges That Parisians Have to Pay.

A well-known Philadelphia lawyer, who has just returned from abroad, tells the Record a rather remarkable story of his experience with a doctor in Paris:



At Night On the Canal Boat.

roke bottles with a small rifle to improve their own markmanship or show the wo-men how, while another party tramped across meadows and hills getting wild ACCREDITED FORAGERS.

Every day a committee, by special ap pointment, went ashore, and brought fresh eggs and vegetables, fowls and fruit, from the interested and amused farmer folk. Once or twice the whole party deserted the canal boat for a night, taking lodging in a village inn, just for the experience.

But every day the scenery changed, the nights grew crisp.r, the apples more plen-teous, and often the outlook so exceedingly picturesque that to explore and climb be-came an irresistable pleasure. It was diffi-cult often to dockle whether the bright, cool

days or cheerful evenings kept the company more completely amused, for few of the easengers but could play some instrument banjo, violin, guitar or even concertina-every one of them could sing, and from that forward deck, till sheer physical weariness provailed, gay sounds of revels greeted the onished September stars.

is done by contract-a fact which I discove to my sorrow. My wife caught a severe cold and was taken quite sick. I called in a French physican who had been highly mended by the proprietor of the hotel at which I was stopping, and he paid five visits to my wife, after which she was so much improved that his services were no longer required. The next day I received his bill for 2,500f., which is the equivalent of \$500. Thinking a mistake had been made, I went to the office, where he smilingly assured me that the bill was correct. To my remonstrances he replied: 'But monsieur made no contract with me.' When I told him I wouldn't pay such an exorthen be impossible for me to leave France. In desperation I consulted a friend of mine who resides in Paris and found that the frog cating doctor had me where the hair was short, and in the end I had to pay."

A New Women

"Be mine," he implored. "I am a new woman," she answered, malignantly. "I hate all men." And so they were married.-

Roughing It With a Prince It Pays Others

TO SAY NOTHING OF A DUKE AND A COUNT.

A Professional Beauty's Experience in Yellowstone Park. Her Eleven Trunks.

There is something fascinating about a stage-coach, especially a yellow stagecoach, when it rattles up to the door, with its four sleek, fat, well-groomed borses, prancing under the lash of the long whip, which the driver throws down on the top with that familiar thud, when the coach stops. Six coaches stood out in front of the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel to take the bustling little crowd for their first stage in the park. Everybody was ready, except the young person who made it a point never to be on time. It was a way she had of drawing attention to berself. There was much discussion as to the ar-

rangement of places. All the young women wanted to sit with the drivers; all the old women wanted back seats. The Professional Beauty, a society woman from -whose pictures, published in the illustrated journals, had made her famous, insisted on sitting by three men at once. A bustling mamma from the far West, with two very blg and bomely daughters, had made it a point with the manager that her cherubs should not be exposed to the wiles of a little Italian Count, an amiable, barmless fellow, on his way around the world. He bad already imployed the manager not to put him in the same coach with "dose verra, verra ugly girls." The Enthusiastic Woman settled matters for herself by limbing up to the box seat of one of the stages, with the idea of driving the four-inhand, an accomplishment she said she had learned at Lenox. The amiable manager of the Transportation Company acquitted imself of seating us in the most remarkable way. But as luck would have it, and much to the chagrin of mamma, the Italian Count and the youngest of her daughters occupied the back sent of the second stage. One of the foreigners, a Russian grandee, wanted the top of his coach taken off. The manager demutred. The Russian prince in emphatic, though broken English, insisted. Finally, after a lengthy pariey, a conference with the principal and a monetary consideration the top came off.

"I swan," said one of the drivers, "ef them furriners ain't the very devil fer gittin what they want. Talk about yer Yankees—they ain't in it with one of them Russian fellers."

The conches in front of us had started off, but we waited, our horses growing restive, our driver grumbling audibly at the delay. There was still another passenger, the Professional Beauty, who was pestering the long-suffering manager about her eleven

"Impossible, Madam. There is no room."
"Well," mused the Practical Man, "if every passenger should take eleven trunks— one hundred passengers, one thousand one hundred trunks--'

The Manager cast a grateful look in the direction of the Practical Man.

"I am not interested in what other people carry," persisted the Professional Beauty. "I must have my trunks. I need

"How about a wagon?" blandly insisted he Manager. "We fixed an Englishman the Manager. "We fixed an Englishman up that way last year. He had thirteen trunks and a valet." And then he added to allay the air of apprehension spreading over the Beauty's countenance, "It won't

"Pay extra!" exclaimed the Beauty with indignation. "Pay extra? Why, what am I to pay extra for? Here is my ticket." "For the trunks to be sure," innocessity suggested the Practical Man.

"I will do nothing of the kind," cried the Beauty, thoroughly excited, "and I must

But even a Professional Beauty cannot go on forever. The dispute was settled eventually. How, nobody cared. We were

grateful to be off at last. from an ordinary point of view as some of the Munchausens. He is not given to brag, and whatever he says can be relied on "I don't lie," he says, "like the other fel-lows, 'cause I hate to see people make fools of themselves, an' I believe it's agin the int'rest of the Park." Hank, and, by the way, let some one explain why Western stage frivers always affect the name of Hank is by all odds the best looking man among

the Jehus. He dresses rather dudeishly, and in his pink shirt, flowing black tie, with gray sombrero pulled down over his sturdy, honest face, burned the color of his shirt by constant exposure, he is not an uninteresting figure. For the ordinary woman he has no use whatever. When he does am bound to say-he is very painstaking and callant. The Enthusiastic Woman asked his permission to sit on the box. "Don't make no difference to me marm

ef yer do or ef yer don't," he growled, with a chuckle, giving his necktie an extra twist She had made a complete conquest of him before we had driven the first mile. When we reached the White 8 wan Prairie-so called, I fancy, because there are no white swans in the vicinity-he-gracefully yielded up the lines. The ambitious mamma nudged her elder darling significantly, the Beauty outed and the Practical Mansald something ill-natured, which made the two-hundredpounder giggle. The remainder of the com-pany looked with astonishment at the conquered charloteer without voicing the mis-giving depicted in their faces. But through the Grand Canon and Golden Gate, with its bridges built out from the perpendicular sides of the mountain and hung over a chasm, Hank emphatically refused to allow his charmer to drive.

"I tell ye," said he, determinedly, by way of excuse, "a drivin" on them asphalts ain't like gittin' 'round these yere curves, an' up an' down these grades; ye see if it is Why, last summer I had one of them dude frivers from the East, who owns their own coaches an' drives 'em for fun. He tried to learn me my business that I've been at for nigh on ter thirty years, and, like a derned fool, I give him his way. When we got to the Continental Divide, he squealed an' banded the lines back to me. P'raps ye The enthusiastic woman drove very well, after all. We escaped at any rate to tell the tale. Once she ran up the side of a mountain, bringing down a shower of stones and dirt and nearly upsetting the coach. But there was no harm done o ave to her vanity. She dropped the reins in terror at sight of a little coyote soon afterward. That's, at any rate, what mamma said she did. I, myself, don't believe it. Jealous people are so spiteful. The only other narrow escape I remember was when the ambitious whip ran the leaders into the coach in front. They say she did so in her efforts to see a cavalry officer dashing past us. Another slander, I dare say. Hank, at all marked, sententiously, "furriners an' sojem

This weakness, I may say in passing, can be gratified in the park. At all the geysers, the lake and the canon are detachments of soldiers picturesquely encamped under the people all starvin' to death. Walk the trees. They are detailed to protect right in. Here ye are, Sir, at the head of

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\$25, for \$19. Beautiful Mahogany Suite, French style. Worth \$50, for \$39.

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Uncle Sam's property from evil disposed have done, and then politely escorted out of the park, with instructions never to

At Norris's Larry stands in front of his hospitable tents to give us greeting, his honest face wreathed in smiles. He shakes hands with everyone, as they descend from the coach, talking the while in his rich brogue. Seemingly we are old friends. Our reception is a regular ovation.

"Welcome to Norris. It's glad to see yez, I am. Come right in. An' how are ye, sor? How are ye? Take seats in the drawing-room. Plenty of room, plenty of room for all. Sorry I have not got arm chairs for yez. Ye'r tired, marm, I see that! The enthusiastic woman was in fact pretty well "done up" with her labor of driving the four-in-hand, "Here, Mrs, Larry, Mrs Larry, show the tady our apartments. Mrs. Larry will make ye comfortable." "Our brisk fire crackled in the camp stove, and where the neatness and order of everything betokened Mrs. Larry a notable house-

park? Ye won't see anythin' finer than the Norris Basin," prattled Larry without giving himself a rest. "We've got a bran' new geyser, an' the Black Growler is a beauty, Hungry, doctor? Have patience-e've got 'em, I suppose-lunch is most ready. Is it tired ye are, miss? I thought so. Ye're not used to stagin' 'praps. Well, whin ye come here on yer weddin' trip whin ye come here on yer we'll give ye a palace car. Ye've picked The little Italian count says that the

Admitting the soundness of his judgment in this instance, permit me to supplement it by saying that Larry is worth the trip to the park. That lively host of the Norris Basin has kissed the blarney st the genuine article, too, and not the wretched fraud of the Chicago Exhibition Slender, but with firmly-knit frame, he has a quick, spry way with him, and is always bustling about to some purpose. He dress es with the neatness of a dancing master. His starched collars, gorgeous ties, well brushed dark clothes and shining boots tome affected here. The bit of swagger to his walk, the saucy perch of his little in his blue eyes, and the real cavaller's twist to his small red mustache bring forcibly to mind one of Kipling's rollicking soldiers. It was this that prompted me to ask if he had ever been in the army,

thin. In her majesty's service. Good luck "And whatever brought you here to the

Park?"

a twinkle in his eye. "Ye see the Ould Lady got too fond of me, an' wanted to send me East to fight them Heathens, so as I'd got promoted, shure. But I wasn't ambitious that way. I didn't want to fight thim poor Heathens, even for the sake of the promotion. An' so ,as we had this difference of opinion, I just stowed myself away in the hold of a vessel, an' here I am now, as happy as ye please, with Mrs. Larry and the little ones. An' sure that's the whole story—But there's the lunch, an'

tourists. With a mailciousness amounting almost to a manua, the ordinary traviore almost to a manua, the ordinary traviore almost to a manua, the ordinary traviore almost to a manual to the Froctical Man, and in a moment we were all seated at the long tables spread in the tent. Larry in his element as he served the really exthe table," he said to the Practical Man. mutilates the formations in pure wanton-ness. These worthies are compelled, as far as possible, to restore the damage they her on the right of the Practical Man. What would it avail, indeed, to have one's picture published, not only in one but in two magazines, if one was content to sit just anywhere like the rest of mankind? Some-

how the Beauty always made this feit.

"Now, don't be bashful. Fail to. Shure an appetite is no disgrace. Beer for you, is it, sor?" inquired Larry of the only duke in the party-by the great American tuft-hunter, how did I ever omit mention ing before this important fact that we have a live duke in our party- Beer for the duke. We dukes all take beer." His grace got very red in the face, pulled his mustache, and dropped his monocle as

he stared flericely at Larry.
"Ahl here's the cow," taking a pitcher of milk from the hands of his assistant. 'Now the hen, if ye plaze. The professor wants an egg." The Russian who occupied the end seat,

The Russian who occupied the end seat, wascrowded for room. "Takecare, ye'rail off from the bench. Mr.—, Mr,—, what did ye say your name was?"

"Prince Shoboloff"—with icy politeness.

"Well, don't shovel off the end of the bench, that's all. Have some cake. Not Oh, just a lady's finese some was."

Oh, just a lady's finger, now! We all know ye like lady's fingers. Ye've no appetite, miss. It's all of thinkin' of him to be sure." And so Larry circulated among his guests, jollying everybody and playing the host in an inimitable manner.

and the shadows bad already begun grow longer when we were finally off. We thought we were at least, but at the last moment the bustling mamma from the far, far West discovered the loss of one of her ugly decklings. No denizen of the barn yard ever displayed her concern more vociferously, or with greater energy. It put a stop to everything else. Even the Practical Man omitted his cynical com ment and the Professional Beauty for once found herself distanced. As for Bank he simply dropped his reins in despair.

After much cackling on the part of mamma and plous ejaculations on the part of the masculine contingent-I resist the attempt of referring at length to the Recording Angel and his Tenr-darling was found with the little Italian in the shade of a pine tree, deeply engaged in discussion. Metaphysics? Perhaps. Young people are prone to discuss such subjects, you know. What mamma thought about It I never cared to ascertain. And no one I knew thought it worth while either. I simply saw her pounce upon her off-spring, and for the rest of the way the poor girl sulked on the back sent with while the Professional Beauty cocupled the box with the Italian.

A National Pedigree.

It was a very hot day, and when Mr. Dunnigan happened to meet his daughter with her friend, he, wishing to do the polite thing, invited them to have some Ice cream, When they were seated at the table in the ice-cream parter, Mr. Dunnigan, address-ing his daughter's friend, affably inquired; 'An' phot keind will yez have, me dear

"I will take some orange ice," she replied, Mr. Dunnigan's brow darkened, and, glar-ing at the young lady malevolently, he thundered, "Av yez do ye'll arder it yer-